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JUST BUSINESS.

Educational leaders in the Warren District have made provision for taking the sting out of the lament so often heard from unsuccessful men and women: "I never had a chance." This lament is excusable when circumstances have deprived young men and women of that essential to success, preparation. Opportunity for preparation is at hand in the evening classes which it is proposed will be formed for the benefit of residents of the Warren District this winter.

To succeed in any vocation training is necessary. From the early dawn of business, training has been considered fundamental. True, the training now is acquired in a different and less expensive way than formerly. It has become so important that commercial concerns have given over the training to business schools. The training for business has grown to be a business. From this we see it is imperative.

"Business is War." What would a soldier accomplish without drilling—training? How many battles would an army win if it had not undergone a preparatory period? Our success or failure is determined even before embarking on our career. If the training for it has been thorough—if we have mastered it—the battle is in our favor. The achievement in the result of the training received before the battle. To enter business without a knowledge of it would be financial suicide. Training has made the age in which we live a commercial age. Commercialism with its mighty skillful hand has seized the world and has ushered in an era of the largest business ever known.

The importance of business training is, perhaps, shown most clearly in this: Its relation to all walks of life. Inactive any profession or calling which does not require more or less business knowledge. There is none. The rapidity, accuracy and confidence with which the trained man of business takes up a proposition, the dispatch in passing from one problem to another is wonderful. To the untrained, although he may be a college man, business is an activity which is, and should be contemplated with caution, lest in his inability to cope with it in its details he is crushed and ground to financial ruin beneath its wheels.

BETTER STAY AT HOME.

Law or no law, right or no rights, there's no use in Americans making fools of themselves. This is not the time to tour Europe. It's bad enough even for those whose imperative business calls them there. For American citizens to intrude in the war zone needlessly, presumptuously and unpatriotically. Better come West! Try Arizona!

The Alien governments have urged, unofficially, that noncombatants from this country stop going to Europe until the war is over, because it's such a nuisance to have to scrutinize their passports and guard against abuse of their privileges and see to their safety. Our government has requested its citizens to stay at home in order to avoid getting into complications that will make trouble for the United States.

Good citizenship and plain decency demand the acquiescence of our people, even if they have no regard for their own safety.

As for the choice of route and ship by those who are obliged to cross the Atlantic, our government cannot consistently give orders or advice. It is the duty of the national administration to uphold the right of Americans, never before questioned, to travel anywhere on their lawful errands, in war as in peace, without peril. The nation stands pat on that right against all offenders. But for all that, there is no occasion for any individual to go out of his way to flaunt the right in the face of a German submarine.

It is still somewhat risky to travel on any alien liner. It is far more risky to travel on any merchantman that doesn't fly the American flag. It is risky for the traveler and risky for his country. Without condoning in the least the illegality and inhumanity of German attack without warning on peaceful vessels, we should recognize facts and refrain from tempting fate. It's all enjoyment and instruction and no peril, if you visit Arizona.

If General Carranza had sense enough to stop talking and bite some hunky Grewser to all on him for a few days, he'd find himself recognized as president of Mexico.

There's been a surprising falling off in submarine "attacks" lately.

R. F. D. AUTOS.

The automobile is crowding the horse off the highway faster than ever. Its adoption on rural postal routes is not only a new conquest for the motor car, but is likely to lead to a far more general use of such machines throughout the country.

Experiments have convinced the postoffice department of the utility of the automobile for routes wherever the roads are fairly good. More than 500 motor routes have been authorized, and over 300 of them are already in operation. The department is now inaugurating a plan by which the carrier is required to provide his own car and pay its running expenses.

They won't be high priced cars, of course. The expense is estimated in most cases at less than horse-drawn vehicles would cost. A carrier on a typical route, driving a light car of a type recommended by the department, figures his expenses, including oil, gasoline, tires, repairs and depreciation, at about 3½ cents a mile, enabling him to serve his 29½ mile route at a cost of \$1.02 a day. Most of the automobile carriers figure that by driving cars instead of horses, they can make \$100 or \$200 more a year profit out of the total compensation allowed them.

With the automobiles demonstrating, in every rural section, their superiority to horses in speed, dependability, distance covered and total expense, there will be a powerful incentive for the farmers and business men along the routes to follow the example of the carriers.

CHEMICAL PROGRESS.

Uncle Sam is making real progress in chemical lines. The famine in dyestuffs which has so greatly inconvenienced American industries since the war began is already finding relief. The First National Exposition of Chemical Industries at the Grand Central Palace in New York shows that about fifty important colors are now being produced in quantities that will soon make the United States independent of Germany. In another year or two years at most, it is expected that the making of aniline dyes will have become one of the greatest American industries, not only supplying our own needs but making headway in foreign markets.

At present everything tends to encourage the development of the business. Prices are abnormally high. The government is lending its aid in every way possible, and government chemists have contributed valuable discoveries. Thomas A. Edison has perfected a new process for getting benzol, the basic aniline material, from the waste gas of coke factories, which has heretofore represented a loss of \$100,000,000 a year. Dr. Rittman of the federal bureau of mines has worked out a process for obtaining benzol from petroleum. Private chemists are making steady progress in adapting old formulas or discovering new ones. The government has established at the New York custom house a bureau to the promotion of the dyestuff industry. New companies are going into the business, and old ones are extending their plants. It is virtually certain that the next congress will enact legislation to protect the new industry from improper foreign competition when peace comes.

The potash industry, too, for which, after dyestuffs, there is the greatest need in America, is getting on its feet. A new process is said to have been discovered from Feldspar, so simple and commercially practicable that we shall soon have the potash we need for fertilizer.

BELGIUM STILL WITH US.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that the food situation in Belgium is worse than it was last year, when Germany first cut off the nation's food supply. The utmost efforts of the relief commission and the utmost generosity of the outside world will be required to keep the nation from starving next winter.

"The problem becomes more difficult every day," says the chairman of the commission. "The number of destitute has increased from 1,000,000 last October to 2,750,000 in June, and now grows at the rate of 200,000 a month. And our resources, large as they are, can not keep pace with the need if the charitable public loses interest in our work."

It is surprising, too, to hear that out of the \$50,000,000 spent for the first eight months of the commission's work, the people of the United States only contributed \$5,000,000 in money and food supplies. This, to be sure, is a large amount, perhaps the largest ever given by one nation for any philanthropic purpose. Still it is small in comparison with the ability of the American people to give. There are 100,000,000 of us now, and most of us are either actually prosperous or in circumstances which are enviable compared with those of any European nation.

"The continued support of America," says Chairman Hoover, "is necessary, too, to provide the commission with the moral prestige it now possesses in the sight of the warring powers." That support, both in money and in sentiment, should be as generous now as it was last fall.

John D. Rockefeller, when urged to comment on the Allies' war loan, replied in verse, as follows:

"A wise old owl lived in an oak.
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that bird?"

Oh, well, we can't all be Rockefeller.

If Dr. Dumba was "the ablest diplomat in Washington," as he's been called, let's pray that Europe will send us a few mediocre diplomats' contents to be social ornaments of the capital.

The German military attaché, accused of complicity in the Dumba plots to tie up export industries, is spending three weeks in the West while his case is being considered. "Seeing America first!"

The Eternal Lover

By EDGAR
RICE
BURROUGHS

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The Story by Chapters

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CHAPTER I.

A Hundred Thousand Years.

Nu, the son of Nu, his mighty muscles rolling beneath his smooth, bronzed skin, moved silently through the jungle primeval.

His handsome head, with its shock of black hair, roughly cropped between sharpened angles, was high held, the delicate nostrils questioning each vagrant breeze for word of Oo, hunter of man.

Now his trained senses catch the familiar odor of Ta, the great woolly rhinoceros, directly in his path, but Nu, the son of Nu, does not hunt Ta this day. Does not the hide of Ta's brother already hang before the entrance to Nu's cave?

No; today Nu hunts the gigantic cat, the fierce, saber-toothed tiger, Oo, for Nat-ol, wondrous daughter of old Ta, will mate with none but the mightiest of hunters.

Only so recently as the last darkness, as, beneath the great, equatorial moon, the two had walked hand in hand beside the restless sea, she had made it quite plain to Nu, the son of Nu, that not even he, son of the chief of chiefs, could claim her unless there hung at the thong of his loin cloth the fangs of Oo.

"Nat-ol," she had said to him, "wishes her man to be greater than other men. She loves Nu now better than her life, but if love is to walk at her side during life, pride and respect must walk with it."

Her slender hand reached up to stroke the young giant's black hair.

"I am proud of Nu," she continued. "Among the younger men of the tribe there is no greater hunter or no lighter fighter than Nu, the son of Nu. Should you, single handed, slay Oo before a grown man's beard has darkened your cheek none will be greater in all the world than Nu's mate, Nu, the son of Nu."

The young man was still sensible to the sound of her soft voice and the caress of her gentle touch upon his brow. Even as these things had sent him speeding forth into the jungle in search of Oo while the day was still so young that the night prowling beasts were yet abroad, so they urged him forward deeper and deeper into the dark and trackless mazes of the tangled forest.

As he foraged on the scent of Ta became stronger, until at last the huge, ungainly beast loomed large before Nu's eyes.

He was standing in a little clearing in deep, rank jungle grasses, and had he not been bound on toward Nu he would not have seen him, since even his bearing was far too dull to apprehend the noiseless tread of the cave man moving lightly up wind.

As the tiny, bloodshot eyes of the primordial beast discovered the man, the great head went down and Ta, ill-natured and bellicose progenitor of the equally ill-natured and bellicose rhinoceros of the twentieth century, charged the little giant who had disturbed his antediluvian meditation.

The creature's great bulk and awkward, uncoiled lines belied his speed, for he tore cyclonically down upon Nu and had not the brain and muscle of the troglodyte been fitted by heritage and training to the successful meeting of such emergencies there would be no tale to tell today of Nu, the son of Nu.

But the young man was prepared, and, turning, he ran with the swiftness of a hare toward the nearest tree, a huge, arboreal fern, towering upon the verge of the little clearing.

Like a cat, the man ran up the perpendicular bole, his hands and feet seeking barely to touch the projecting knobs marking the remains of former friends which converted the towering stem into an easy stairway for such as he.

About Nu's neck his stone tipped spear hung by its rawhide thong down his back, while stone hatchet and stone knife dangled from his girth strings, giving him free use of his hands for climbing. You or I, having once gained the seeming safety of the lowest fronds of the great tree, fifty feet above the ground, might have heaved a

WATCH YOUR STEP



great sigh of relief that we had thus easily escaped the hideous monster beneath. But not so Nu, who was wise to the ways of the creatures of his remote age.

Not one whit did he abate his speed as he neared the lowest branch, nor did he even waste a precious second in a downward glance at his enemy. What need indeed? Did he not know precisely what Ta would do?

Indeed, he swung monkey-like, to a broad leaf, and, though the chances for took would have piled the face of a brave man today, they did not cause Nu even to hesitate as he ran lightly and swiftly along the bending, away-ward, leaping just at the right instant toward the bole of a nearby jungle giant.

(To be continued)

GIGANTIC SWINDLE NIPPED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—Three attorneys, an automobile dealer and a real estate agent, all of this city were arrested under indictments charging sixteen California and Oregon men with conspiring to use the mails to defraud. The alleged fraud consisted of inducing people to pay fares for riding on Oregon timber land which is held by the Oregon and California Railroad Company, open to settlers.

The five arrested are W. Nicholson, Franklin Bull, Norman Cook, D. Conners and Byron Sanford. All gave bail except Sanford.

The alleged scheme, according to the officers, involved a hundred million dollars. The investigators claim thousands of persons, all over the country, were defrauded. Three million is alleged to have been made by the swindle. The men indicted, according to the officers, told their clients, in the most part working people of limited means, it would not be necessary for them to step on the land in order to locate. All that was necessary was the payment of a fee of \$150 and the land belonged to the client in six months. It is also alleged the operators purchased fraudulent options.

FLEETS ENGAGED

LONDON, Sept. 25.—The Amsterdam correspondent of Reuters who sends an account of the bombardment of Zeebrugge by the British squadron, says the squadron consisted of five large warships and twenty-five smaller vessels. Two of the big ships fired their heavy guns. The German batteries replied. Big columns of smoke arose about the city and apparently caused the shell fire of the British vessel in order to establish a target. German aeroplanes were active and a captive balloon also ascended from Zeebrugge.

VILLA FOLLOWING TROOPS.

EL PASO, Sept. 25.—Villa will follow his troops to Sonora as soon as the forces are mobilized in that state, according to an official announcement. He is expected to arrive at Juarez Monday. Bandera, Capata Jodera has been appointed Villa governor of Sinaloa and will arrive in a few days. Friends of General Raul Madero, held prisoner by the thirteenth infantry today were advised by Gen. Scott that Madero and his companions would be released when his identity could be established. Madero and several of his officers were captured by the border patrol near Ojinaga Friday.

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